

A SECRET
HISTORY
OF THE
AMOURS
OF
EDWARD, *the* Black Prince,



AND
ALICE, Countess of *Salisbury*:

CONTAINING

Several curious MEMOIRS relating to the
Intreagues of the *English* Court at that Time.

Inscribed to

P. ALEXIS,

//.

And Dedicated to

The Honourable Mrs. *MARY VANE*.

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To the Honourable

Mrs. *MARY VANE.*

M A D A M,



AS the extraordinary Beauty of the Countess of Salisbury, by surprising the Heart of *Edward the Black-Prince*, gave Occasion to the Writing this History, so in its present Publication it could not be offered to any Protection more proper than that of your *Ladyship*, whose Charms are no less celebrated than her's, and as equal in Lustre, may not be inferior in their Conquests.

The following Pages contain nothing in them which can offend either the nicest Virtue or the chastest Ear; they describe the Progress of that Passion which has been the Source of *Heroism* in all Ages, as well as the *Genius* which inspired all Poetry, and taught Men to endeavour at the same Softness in their Compositions, which they saw Nature had practised in the Formation of the *Fair Sex*.

Not to admire Virtue, nor to be moved by Beauty, is incompatible with the human Soul, and therefore I flatter my self that the Exploits of *Edward*, and the Charms of *Lady Alice* will at least find no Enemies, since I am sure there is nothing said in
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the Relation of their Adventures which ought to give Offence. As they are extraordinary in themselves, they deserve to be transmitted to Posterity, and as they are Examples of a pure Affection, they are not unworthy of Imitation.

Yet as there are so many envious Persons in the World, who seem, like *Canker-Worms*, desirous of corroding the fairest Fruit, I thought, after the manner of the Ancients, who consecrated their Orchards to *Pomona*, to shelter these Memoirs under the Shadow of your Perfections; where the Deference which all pay to so finished a Beauty, shall have the same Effect as the Presence of a *Goddeſs*.

It remains, Madam, that in the most humble Manner I intreat your Pardon for this Presumption, which can admit of no other Excuse, than that some *Pagans*, who worship'd the *Sun*, made for their *Idolatry*, that the Brightness of his Appearance look'd as if it commanded *Adoration*. If like them I have offended, it has been thro' an Error of my Judgment, which has led me in so publick a Manner to profess my self,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's most Dutiful,

and Most Obedient Servant,

The AUTHOR.



THE
HISTORY
OF
EDWARD, the Black Prince.



ENGLAND was never in a more flourishing Condition than in the Days of *King Edward* the III. That Prince, on whom Victory waited, even in his most tender Years, had raised both his own Fame, and the Reputation of this Nation, to its greatest Height. *Queen Philippa*, Daughter to the *Earl of Hainault*, was one of the most beautiful and accomplished Princesses of her Age. The *English Court* was crowded with the noblest Persons, not only Subjects, but even from all the neighbouring Nations. Amongst these was a Nobleman of *France*, who took Refuge in *King Edward's Palace* from the Malice of his Enemies, then high in favour with the *French King*. This Lord, who was a Person both of deep Understanding and a polite Behaviour, insinuated to the King, that his only was the true Title to the Crown of *France*, the present King of that Country claiming only as Brother to *Philip the Fair*, by Virtue of the *Salique Law*, while the direct Descent pointed out our

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Edward

Edward to the Succession of that noble *Realm*. These Discourses were not without their Effect to a *Prince* so covetous of Glory, and so desirous of extending the Dominions of his *Crown*; he therefore first took this *French Lord*, *Robert of Artois*, into his Privy Council, making him at the same Time *Earl of Richmond*; then he endeavoured to engage the Assistance of such foreign *Princes* as were likely to aid him most in attaining the Throne, to which he thought himself entitled of Right, and to which his Ambition prompted him to aspire. For this purpose *King Edward* went over into *Flanders*, with his Wife and young Son *Edward*, the rising *Hero* of our Story; here, by the Assistance of the *Queen's* Relations, he drew most of the *German Lords*, and the lesser *Princes*, on the Borders of *France*, to favour his Title, which soon after he publicly proclaim'd to the *Crown of France*, putting *fleurs de lis* into his *Standard*, and causing himself to be stiled *King of France*, both by his Courtiers, and in all his publick Acts in Writing. *King Philip*, upon the Intelligence he had of these Proceedings, took all the necessary Precautions he was able, to draw to his Assistance such *Princes* as might ballance those who were already in Confederacy with *King Edward*. He prevailed with the *Duke of Ostreia*, and the *King of Bohemia*, to join their Forces in Defence of his Cause, drawing, at the same Time, great Forces out of *Italy* and *Spain*, all *Europe* almost taking Part on one Side or the other; while *France*, as the rich Prize, invited both *Edward* and *Philip* to exert their utmost Force to obtain and to defend it.

The *Queen's* Brother, *John of Hainault*, while *Edward* went to assert his Right to the *Gallick Diadem*, endeavoured to instill into the Breast of his young Son of the same Name all the Vertues of an *Hero*; the lovely *Edward* seem'd to out-go his Tutor's Wishes; he excelled all the Youths of his Age in the martial Exercises, in which, in those Days, they were trained up, and yet, from a natural Sweetness of Disposition, suffered not his Delight in Arms to take away his Love to Learning

Learning and the Sciences; on the contrary, dividing his Time with the greatest Care, he accomplisheshimself in all that could make a *Prince* terrible to his Enemies, or beloved by his People. *Queen Philippa*, while abroad, brought forth a second Son, the Rejoycings for whose Birth were lengthened, on the Receipt of the pleasing News of *King Edward's* Succels against his Enemies. Not long after this, the greatest *Naval* Engagement happen'd, which had, 'till then, fallen out within the *British* Seas. The *French Fleet* was by far the more numerous, but *Edward's* better Ships, and better man'd. They fought as if the Ambition of their *Princes* had warm'd each Soldier's Heart with a new Fire; and transform'd each private Person to a *Hero*. Long they fought with equal Fortune, 'till at last the Steadiness of *English Hearts* prevail'd over the haughty Fierceness of the *French*. Their *Fleet* towards Evening began to break, and *Edward's Navy* pressing with new Vigour on, obtained a Victory as compleat as Story ever told. *King Edward* landed in *Flanders*, and with a mighty Army march'd into *France*, and laid Siege to the City of *Tournay*. *King Philip*, nettled at the Disgrace the *Gallick Nation* had sustained by their *Naval* Overthrow, prepar'd to wipe it off by raising the present Siege, and, for that purpose, levied a noble Army, and, accompany'd by the *Kings* of *Bohemia* and *Navarre*, marched to drive *Edward* out of *France*. All things look'd now as if this mighty Contention would be ended at a Blow; *Europe* thro' many Ages had not seen two Armies of such Force, with such Commanders at their head; they were now within Sight of one another, and Night only hinder'd their joining Battle, and giving, from the Victory, an incontest'd Title to the Throne of *France*.

Philip called all the *Princes* in his Army to hold a General Council how they should proceed, and, having first opened the Cause of their Quarrel, each of the noble Assembly spoke in his Turn. Old *Lewis*, *King* of *Bohemia*, who from his Youth had spent his Days in Arms, counselled the *King* to animate his

Army by promising Rewards to those of lower Rank, and Titles to the Chiefs who led his Troops. *Navarre*, a King tho' somewhat less in Age, was of a milder Soul; he said it was a bold Adventure to risk the Crown of *France* upon a Day; that it were better to try *King Edward's* Temper, and see if reasonable Terms could not be made. The usual Difference of Councils made many of the Members here Friends, some to *Bohemia's* warm Delight in War, and some to wise *Navarre's* just Scheme for Peace. While the Debates ran high, and *Philip* wavered in himself, whether to pursue Revenge for his lost Fleet, or save the Hazard of a greater Blow, by offering equitable Terms to *Edward*, a sudden Noise reached the large Tent in which they sat. The Captain of *King Philip's* Guards informed his Majesty, that a Priest, clad in the Robes in which he serv'd at *Mass*, desired immediate Audience, and the Duke of *Orleans*, who commanded the advanced Guard, had sent to desire he should be immediately brought to the King. *Philip* gave Orders that he should be admitted in the Presence of the whole Assembly, and the Officer going out, the venerable old Man was introduced. He bowed respectfully to the King and to the Lords, and, perceiving they waited with Attention for what he had to say, he began thus.

May it please your Highness and all the honourable Chiefs who grace your Host, I come a Servant of the Prince of Peace, to bear the fair Proposals of procuring Quiet to this much troubled Land; the pious Princess, Lady *Jane of Valois*, your noble Highness's most religious Sister, who has remained a Cloystered Nun since Death deprived her of noble *Hainault*, her right worthy Lord, Father of fair *Philippa*, *Edward's* Queen; there 'midst her Vows to Heaven for *France's* Peace, and for the prosperous State of its great Lord, the Din of War disturbed her sweet Devotion, and forced her to resume the Thoughts of worldly Things again; hoping her ardent Wishes to give Peace to her dear Country, and its dearer Lord, by making up those Breaches which have fallen between him and the noble *Edward*,
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her Daughter's mighty Husband, should no less incline the Favour of kind Heaven unto her Soul, than the Devotions of her silent *Cell*; wherefore she sent me her *Confessor* to bear this her Epistle to your *Princely Hands*, and if you so incline to suffer me, this also to present to *England's King*; so saying, he delivered the Letters of the *Lady Jane* to the *French King's Hands*, and then at his Command withdrew: *Philip* ordered his Sister's Epistle to be read, in which that *Lady* with a Mixture of female Softness and devout Regard to saving Christian Blood, and keeping Peace, offered to mediate betwixt him and *Edward*, and closed the Wounds whence poured the Blood of *France*; The *King of Navarre* said it was the Will of *Heaven*, that pious *Lady* should preserve the Realm. *Philip* soon yielded to their joint Advice, and sent the *Confessor* to *Edward's Army*; that Prince, whose Piety was no less conspicuous than his Valour, gave way to what the *Lady Jane* desired. Early next Morning to his Camp she came, and e'er the Evening closed, procured a Truce, for three Years space, between the jarring Powers.

From *Tournay*, *Edward* marched to stately *Gaunt*, where *Queen Philippa* with the *Prince* remained; that noble Youth now ripening into Years gave many Tokens of his future Worth; and as *Queen Philippa* saw with Joy her Lord returned with Peace, so *Edward's* noble Heart took Pleasure in the beauteous Pledges of her Love: The *Gallant Prince* aspired to give a Proof of those Heroick Sentiments he borrowed from his Birth, and which had been improved by his kind Uncle's never ceasing Care, he walked continually about the Camp, talked with familiar Sweetness to the Soldiers, and saw their Exercises with a Pleasure peculiar to the noble Thirst of War. When they received their Pay, and were sent home, young *Edward's* Countenance first learned to change; he felt a Heaviness hang o'er his Spirits, and tasted nothing in those Pleasures which are esteemed the *Happiness* of Courts. The Ladies spread in vain for him the Tolls of Beauty and the
Snares

Snares of Love. His Heart, untaught to frame itself to Softness, languished to breathe the Air of *Martial Fields*, and glitter at the Head of Armies ready to engage. *Fame* was his Mistress, *Glory* his Delight, and all his Thoughts he bent to War and Battle. When the Ceremonies were over between the *King* and his *Allies*, the Court passed over again into *England*; there the great Soul of *Edward III.* inspired him with the Thoughts of erecting a Military Order, which might render his Lands famous: For this purpose he instituted the Order of *St. George*, and appointed the noble Chappel at *Windsor* for the Instalment of its Knights; scarce was the magnificent Solemnity performed, before new Occasions gave Rise to a second Broil betwixt *France* and *England*. The disputed Right to the *Dutchy of Brittain*, in which the Two *Kings*, *Edward* and *Philip*, took different Parts, served for a Pretext to colour the going over of many *English Lords*, who fought against *Charles* of *Blois*, whose Right was espoused by the *French King*. Amongst these, *Robert* of *Artois*, *Earl of Richmond*, glad of any Opportunity to express his Hate against *King Philip*, at the Head of a choice Band of Foot, did Wonders in that War; 'till by a sudden Blow from the Battlement of a little Town in *Brittain*, the Bone above his Temples was shattered, of which he languished for a short Space, and then died in *England*, whither he had been brought over in hopes of Cure. With him the *French* hoped *King Edward's* Hatred to their Nation would have died; but on the contrary, his Funeral was scarce over, before the *King* passed into *France* at the Head of a gallant Army, against whom *John Duke of Normandy* marched with 40000 Men. The Camps were pitched within Sight of one another, a fair large Plain lying between them; where when all expected they would have fought, and all the Eyes of *Europe* turned upon them, two Cardinals, sent for that purpose by the *Pope*, entered the several Camps, and so wrought on both Parties that they procured a second Peace to be made, so the Troops on both Sides retired back into their own

own Dominions. *Edward* was welcom'd at *Loudon* with all the Demonstrations of *Loyalty* that his People were capable of ; but nothing, amidst their Applauses, gave him so much Satisfaction as the Sight of the young *Prince*. His Tutors had educated him so carefully, that, being now fourteen, he seem'd not to want any Qualifications necessary to make him glorious as a *Prince*, or admired if he had been only a private Person. There appeared in all he did and said a certain Greatness, which arises only from an innate Sublimity of Mind, yet he was so affable in his Behaviour, and so humble in his Conversation, that nothing but his Virtues and his Presence spoke him a *Prince*. In fine, he was the *Hope* of his Father, the *Delight* of his Mother, and the *Darling* of the People.

As the Peace had been hastily concluded with *France*, so its Continuance was but short ; new Jealousies began almost as soon as the old ones were adjusted. *Edward* had those about him who always put him in mind of his Title to the *Crown* of *France* ; and some of the Counsellors of *Philip* were continually putting him upon revenging the Disgrace his Arms had formerly received, and exhorting him to crush the Power of *Edward*, before he had compleated the several Alliances about which he was then treating with several of the *Princes* of *Europe*. They privately prepared, and not long after both publicly avowed their Intent of making War. The *King* of *England* raised one of the best Armies which had ever been transported hence, and, when every thing was provided ready for them to depart, *Prince Edward*, then about fifteen, sued humbly to his Father, to share the Honours of this design'd Expedition. The *King*, who had always cherish'd in him the Seeds of a laudable Ambition, commended young *Edward's* Courage, and granted his Request. In a few Days after which, both *Princes*, Father and Son, passed over at the Head of somewhat more than 30000 Men, into *Normandy*.

Philip was not idle, but in the mean while had invited all the adventurous young *Princes* of *Italy*, and
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by Rewards, and other Means, had procured his old *Ally*, the *King of Bohemia*, with many other Persons of the highest Rank, some *Fudatories* to his Crown, and other *Sovereign Princes*. He increased the Number of his Troops to 120000 Men, with which he prepared to meet the Forces of his Competitor, who had given out, he would march strait to *Paris*. *King Edward*, after reducing most of the Towns on the Borders of *Normandy*, began to enter the very Heart of *France*, his Success being so great, that he scarce appeared before any Place, but it surrendered to his Troops without Resistance, 'till at last he saw himself advanc'd so far between the Rivers *Sein* and *Soan*, that it was difficult for him to retreat, the *French* having broke down all the Bridges behind him, leaving him only the Possibility of passing the *Soan* between *Abbeville* and the Sea, which at Ebb was fordable; to guard which, the *French King* had sent a Body of 6000 choice Troops, under *Godmar Dufoy*, a *Norman Lord*, of great Valour and Experience: The Tide was but half gone out when *Edward* arrived, and the *French* appeared on the other Side, fully prepar'd to dispute his Passage. The *King* no sooner came upon the Banks of the River, and perceived that it was already passable, but he spurred his Horse into it, and amidst a Cloud of the *French Arrows* sent from the opposite Shore, cried out to his Troops, *they that love me will follow me*; at which the *Prince of Wales* immediately forced his Horse into the River, and the *English Soldiers* crowding after them, soon drove *Dufoy* from his Post, and forced him with his scatter'd Remains to carry the News of their triumphant Passage to *King Philip*. *Edward* was highly pleas'd with the Spirit of his Son, and gave him the Command of one of the Wings of his Army, bidding him behave himself always as he had done at the Battle of *Abbeville*, and he should be worthy to wear the united Crowns of *France* and *England*. The *Prince* received his Father's Praises with an humble Modesty, that doubted his Desert; he said, his Highness was too good to commend him so much for doing his Duty,

Duty, but that he would always make it his Care to deserve those Praises he had been pleased on that Occasion to bestow, while the *English* Army, proud of being led by two such *Princes*, seem'd to wish for nothing so much as that decisive Day, which should place the *Gallick Crown* beyond Dispute.

King Philip's Army, grown confident of Victory, from the Number, Strength, and gallant Appearance of their Troops, expressed an Impatience of being led to stop the Conquests of the *English*; the *French King* yielded to their Request, and marched, without halting, till he came within Sight of the *English* Colours, who were encamp'd near *Crescy*, in the Province of *Ponthieu*, between the River *Soan* and *Amthes*. These two martial *Princes* being now so near, there was no Way left of avoiding that dreadful Encounter on which the Eyes of all the *European* World were fixed. *King Philip* disposed his Army immediately in Battle-Array, giving the Command of the Vanguard to *Charles Duke of Alencon*, with whom marched *Lewis*, the old King of *Bohemia*, at the Head of a chosen Body of Horse, who had under his Conduct fought many Battles before. At his Right-hand advanc'd his Eldest Son *Charles*, afterwards *Emperor*, with a close Battalion of veteran *Pikemen*. To the Right of them marched the *King of Majorca*, with the *Gencefe* Cross-bows, commanded by two Noblemen, who had done great Service in the Wars of *Venice*. *King Philip* placed himself in the Middle of the Army, with the *Earl of Flanders*, *John of Hainault*, who, tho' he had bred up *Prince Edward*, was now gone over to the *French*. The Rear of the *Gallick* Troops was brought up by the *Dukes of Lorraine* and *Savoy*; all confident of destroying the small *English* Army, and already congratulating one another on the Fortune of their Arms. *King Edward* perceiving that the Battle was now inevitable, having first offer'd up his Devotions to Heaven in the most solemn Manner, with great Prudence began to order his Army for the Fight. The gallant *Prince Edward* beg'd to lead the Van, which was given him, and consisted of 800 Men

at Arms, 2000 *Archers*, and 1000 *W'elchmen*; the second Battalion was commanded by the *Earls* of *Northampton* and *Arundel*, with abundance of the *English* Nobility besides. The third Line was brought on by the King himself, who no sooner had made his Disposition of his Troops, but he ordered the Carriages to be strongly barricadoed behind them; and, dismounting all his *Cavalry*, caused the Horses to be placed also in the Rear. Then riding himself through the Ranks, on a little white Hobby, encouraged the Soldiers to do their Duty, telling them at the same time, that they could hope for nothing but Death, if they should attempt to fly, all Passages being by his Command stop'd up, that all Hopes of Safety hung on their Sword-point. By this Time the *French*, according to the natural Impetuosity of that Nation, was scarce to be contained within their Ranks; they called out aloud for Orders to charge the Enemy, and talk'd of nothing but not leaving an *Englishman* alive in *France*. *Lewis* of *Bohemia*, who was one both of the bravest and most experienc'd Princes of his Age, reproved them for their boasting, and looking on the Disposition of the *English* Troops, and observing the Carriages plac'd in the Flank and Rear, he said, I am afraid you will have small Cause for vaunting, for confident I am, that here the *English* will either die or conquer. It happened that a very great Shower fell just as the Army was going to engage. The Wet so spoiled the Strings of the *Genese* Cross-Bows, that they who were plac'd in the Front of the *French* Army, were now no longer of use, which the *Duke* of *Alencon* perceiving, immediately caused the Flower of the *French Cavalry* to tread them down under their Feet, and so come over their Bellies to the Charge. The King of *Bohemia*, that the Ranks of his Horse might be the better kept, caus'd their Bridles to be tied one to the other, but they were so well received by that brave Body who were commanded by the *Prince* of *Wales*, that both *Charles* of *Alencon* and the King of *Bohemia* fell by their Swords; the Death of the *Bohemian Monarch* was quickly known through the
French

French Army by the Fall of his *Standard*; *King Philip* resolving to revenge it, charged with the whole Power of the *French* upon the *Prince*, who relieved him with equal Valour; the Dispute, tho' very unequal, continuing long and bloody; upon which, some of the *Lords* sent to *King Edward*, who remained with the Strength of the *English Army* upon a Hill, to entreat some Assistance from his Troops, against the *Flower* of the *French Army*, now contending with the *Prince*; the *King* asked only if his Son was living, and being told he was, but in great Danger, he made answer, Go then, and help to preserve him, and send no more to me for Help while he is alive. *Prince Edward*, animated by this Message, by which it appeared the *King* his Father placed more Confidence in him than in all his Army, charged the *French Horse* with new Vigour; *King Philip* was twice dismounted, and in great Danger of being slain, and at last, after the Death of the *King of Majorca*, and the *Duke of Bourbon*, who fell near him, he was by the *Earl of Beaumont* forced out of the Field against his Will. The *French* were not long ignorant that their *King* was fled, and thereupon immediately follow'd his Example, leaving, after the most total Defeat that ever was received, the Field to the *English*. *King Edward* then descended with his Body of Reserves, and embracing the *Prince* in his Arms, said, You have performed well, my Fair Son, and ought to have a *Kingdom* for a Recompence. *Edward* kneel'd humbly at his Father's Feet, and, far from assuming any thing to himself, from the glorious Conquest of the Day, gave all the Honour of the Victory to those noble *Lords* who commanded under him. *Edward*, his Father, return'd them also his Thanks, and, after this happy Success, marched through the Heart of *France*, to besiege *Calais*. There he received the welcome News of the Defeat of the *Scots*, and the taking Prisoner of their young *King David*. Thus, full of Honour, Victory, and Spoil, *Edward*, with his triumphant Forces, returned to *England*, and made a most solemn En-

try through *London*, amidst the echoing Acclamations of his joyful People.

Now Peace gave some Leisure for young *Edward* to enjoy the Pleasures agreeable to his Age and Birth, yet still the Love of War possessed him, and Feats of Arms alone could give him Joy. A few Weeks surfeited his stirring Mind, and made him long again to hear Trumpets sound in *Foreign Fields*. But a nearer Danger soon found Employment for his Courage. The *Scots*, enraged at the fatal Defeat they had received, and stung with the Captivity of their *Prince*, made a fierce Inroad into the *English Borders*, and there besieg'd *Roxborough Castle*, in which was the fair *Countess* of *Salisbury*, to whose *Lord* this *Castle* had been given by *King Edward*. Which News, no sooner reach'd *London*, but young *Prince Edward* ask'd his Father's Leave to lead such Forces as might raise the Siege. The *King*, unus'd to refuse him any thing, gave Orders for such Noblemen as the *Prince* required, to lead their Forces under his Command against the *Scots*. Young *Edward*, highly pleased to see himself thus, without Controul, sole General of the Army, marched with such Expedition, that, e'er the *Scots* had heard of his Approach, he, with his Army, encamp'd for a small Distance from the *Castle*. It was Night when the Tents were pitched, under the Favour of whose friendly Darkeness, *Sir William Aylmer*, the *Prince's* trusty Attendant, got into the Fort, and carried News of the Relief to the fair *Lady* of the *Castle*, who now had held it more than 15 Days, against the Power of *Scotland*. Early thenext Morning, when the Dawn appeared, the sprightly Trumpets from the Battlements invited *Princely Edward* from his Tent to a rising Ground, attended by his Nobles; he straitway walk'd to view the noble Train that there appear'd. The *Countess* sat in a Chair of State, but, as soon as she percieved the *Prince* ascending the Hill, arising, she bowed thrice with a becoming Grace, while her Trumpets welcomed the noble Guest, who came so far to free her from her Dangers. The *Prince's* Musick from the
Camp

Camp answered, and scarce was this distant Interview begun, before News came to the Castle, that the *Scots*, under Favour of the Night, were drawn off, and retired into their own Country. *Sir William Aylmer* soon brought the welcome Intelligence to the *Prince*, and invited him to repose himself in the Castle; to which the *Prince* consented; returning to his Tent, he felt a certain Hurry in his Thoughts which he had never known before; not all the Storm of War in *Crescy's Field*, not all the dangerous Fights he had sustain'd in *France*, filled him with half as much Concern as now, he knew not whence, oppress'd his Mind; as soon as he came to his *Pavilion*, he pretended to be a little indisposed, and said, he would rest himself on his Couch an Hour or so, before he went to the Castle; no sooner were the noble Train retired, than *Edward*, thorough-considering this new Disease, found it proceeded from *Fair Salisbury's Eyes*, and that, insensible of Love before, he was now totally overcome at once; yet he endeavoured to repress the Flame, considering the *Dame* was *Mountague's* fair Wife, a worthy Lord, who in the Wars in *France*, had in the Cause of *Edward* done such Feats, as made all *Europe* eccho of his Fame; yet still the *Lady's* Beauty held his Mind, and forced him ev'n in Honour's Spite to love. Thus meditating slip'd the Hours away, 'till from the Castle News was quickly brought, that a grand Banquet waited his Arrival. *Edward*, at this, began to rouze himself, and on his Lords Approach prepar'd to grace the noble Entertainment with his Presence; a Robe of purple Satin o'er his Armor, girt with a Belt pursled over with *Rubies*, *Emeralds*, and *Sapphires*, served to adorn the finest Shape the *English Realm* could boast. The waving Plume sparkled with *Diamonds*, from a Wreath of Gold which bound his Temples, nodded as he step'd, and served to set off the glittering jet-black Locks that flowed upon his Shoulders; not *Alexander* entering *Babylon*, after the Conquest of the *Persian Empire*, big with the Glories of a vanquish'd *World*, looked more the Hero than triumphant *Edward*. No sooner had the

Countess

Countess Notice of his coming, but, at the Head of that small martial *Train* which had so gallantly maintained the *Castle*, she issued out to meet her *Princely Guest*, attired in white, which yielded to the Lustre of her Charms; she, like *Diana*, moved with more than human Air, 'till, near approaching *Edward*, low on her Knees she fell before the *Prince*, and thank'd his Grace in Terms of humble Duty, for his Kindness. *Edward* at this blushed red as Country Maidens at the Name of *Love*; he raised her hastily from the damp Ground, but from the Force of his Passion so confused, that he still gazed and wondered without speaking. The *Countess*, conscious of her killing Charms, cast down her Eyes, and wondered at the Motions she felt within her Breast. At last again she thank'd her generous Deliverer, and beg'd he'd honour the Fortreis he had freed with his high Presence. *Edward* bowed low, and with few Words accepted of the Offer; and, amidst martial Musick, all the noble *Train* enter'd the Court together. The Banquet was magnificent as Cost could purchase, or Art could devise; but *Edward* was so much overcome with Care, and the fond Sorrows of his new felt Love, that he scarce seemed to know what passed around him; the *Lord Beauchamp*, who knew young *Edward's* Temper still full of sprightly Wit, and pleas'd with Mirth, fancied he might remain yet indisposed, and therefore, as the Dinner ended, moved him to withdraw. *Edward*, asham'd to stay, yet loth to go, loitered awhile, and, at taking a short Leave of the *Lady*, retired, but with a Promise to return at Evening, and grace again the Table at the Supper, to which the neighbouring Nobles were invited, to pay their Homage, and their Thanks, for having forced the *Scots* to quit the Border.

No sooner was *Edward* forth the *Castle Gate* e'er the fair *Alice* to her Closet drew with her most trusted Maid; when there alone she gave her Thoughts free Vent, and sighing said, Ah! *Cecily*, to how hard a Fate are we through Greatness born; while yet an Infant, my noble Father *Edmund*, less revered for his Birth and

and high Estate than for his *Princely* Virtues, and that courteous Air with which he treated all, made me his Darling, and the constant Hope of his declining Years; scarce had I Sense to know my Father's Fondness, e'er *Edward*, who now reigns, regarding little his Merit, or the Nearness of their Blood, by sudden Death deprived me of his Love; so much the People coated on his Worth, so much they revered the deposed *Edward's* Brother, that the declining *Sun* had spent his Light, e'er any Villain could be found so base to give the fatal Blow that slew my Father. By his Decease I then became the Ward of *Edward*; first on *Holland*, next on *Muntague*, as the Reward of Service done to him, hath he bestowed me. Love, which, in other Womens Hearts, precedes the Bondage of the Marriage Chain, and serves to make the Yoke for Life still easy, this Love, I say, with me had nought to do; I knew not *Salisbury*, made no Choice of *Holland*, but came to either, as the King's Command supplied the usual Forms of Courtship; since then, 'tis true, the Worth of *Muntague* hath filled my Bosom with a just Esteem, a Stranger yet to Love, if what Books say be of that Passion true. Duty is all that I e'er sought to pay unto my wedded Lord; ready to do whatever pleased his Will, submissive to the slightest Notice of his Pleasure; a Stranger to the Bliss of happy Wives, I have liv'd uneasy and yet innocent. My Father's Fate still hangs upon my Mind, and will not suffer me to see in Quiet those who with *Mortimer* conspir'd his Death enjoy the Spoils they got by his Destruction. This still had made me careless of what Chance befell our Arms in *France*; and yet when *Muntague* used to relate the Valour of the *Prince*, I listned with a Pleasure unknown to me before to all he told; something methought there was in *Edward's* Name, that cancell'd that Indifference I 'till then had born to all his Sex. I heard of his Arrival here with more Concern than from the Siege I felt. When first I from the Battlements beheld him, he looked not to my Eyes like other Men; methought, if no Distinction had been made in his At-

tne

tire, or in the Reverence paid him, his Looks had been enough to have spoke the *Prince*. This Day's Encounter has undone my Peace; I fear, *my Cecily*, that I love the *Prince* more than, with due Regard to Fame, I ought. Should he, as, by the strange Disorder that appeared in all he looked and said, feel a like Flame, then sure I am undone; yet 'twas perhaps my own distracted Thoughts that made me think the *Prince* appeared so strangely moved; Alas! it was even so; none marked it but myself; speak *Cecily*, Looked not young *Edward*, unconcerned on all? or did his wanton Glances rove on any of the *Ladies* who sat with us at Meat? *Cecily*, surpris'd at this unlook'd for Speech, and had marked that Hastiness with which the *Prince* retired, answered her *Lady*, that she had observ'd his *Grace* ne'er turn'd his Eyes on any Face but her's, that he looked pale, forgot to taste his Food, spoke little, stole frequent Sighs, and as the Banquet closed, scarce had Power of speaking his *Adieu*. This soothed the *Countess* in the fond Belief, that *Edward* felt as well as she the Pain with which a springing Love afflicts the Mind; a thousand idle, tender Things she said; then, on a sudden, conscious of what Shame there waits on those who trip in Virtue, she bid her Maiden leave her to herself; bid her forget whatever she had heard, conjured her Pity for the Woes she felt, and drawing from her Finger a *Ruby* of great Price, bestowed it as a Pledge of that Regard with which her Confidence should be accompanied.

The necessary Orders for the Camp some Hours employed *Prince Edward's* Time, and forced his Thoughts, to quit the soft Remembrance of *fair Salisbury's* Charms. The Evening come, sending for faithful *Aylmer* to his Tent, he opened to him all the Story of his Love; too prone is Youth to nourish soft Desires, too ready, where a *Prince* but hints his Will, to call it just, and, for the sake of Favour, offer all the Assistance the noblest End could ask; so far'd it here, the Knight joined in his Master's Passion, he told him *Salisbury* had no Issue by her Husband, who was an old Man, to whom his
 Father

Father gave her, and the *Earldom of Kent*, her *Patrimony*, as merited by those *Services* he had done in all the Wars in which he had been employed; he urg'd that Beauty ill agreed with Age; said that the *Lady* smil'd at *Edward's* Entrance, kept still her Eyes fix'd on him while he staid, and with her Looks persw'd him as he went. These Tales, which flatter'd *Edward* in his Love, made him resolve to move his amorous Suit, and banish'd for a Space all Thoughts of the Dishonour that *Salisbury* would receive from such an Act. Now Night in sable spread her Curtain, when *Edward* full of Hopes began to think of going to the *Castle*; the Lights which shone upon the Wall declared with how much Care they strove to please their noble Guest; *Edward* now enter'd with an Air of Joy that doubled all the natural Sweetness of his Countenance, resumed his usual Gaiety at Supper, and seem'd as if the Business of his Life had been to study what would make him loved. The beauteous *Countess* scarce conceal'd her Passion, but with an imprudent Earnestness still fix'd her Eyes on *Edward*, and if their Glances met, with strange Confusion cast a downward Look, that seem'd at once to own her Passion and her Fault. Early in the Morning she awoke, for Love allows its Votaries little Rest; finding it vain to think of Sleep again, she arose, and in the loose Apparel of a Morning, slid to a little Grove, which lay behind the Apartment she had chose. There she wander'd, full of various Thoughts of Love, of Honour, and of the strange Estate in which her Fate had thrown her. Suddenly she heard the Bushes clash around her, and e'er she well distinguish'd whence the Noise proceeded, *Edward* attired for Hunting met her Eye. The *Countess* blush'd, the *Prince* himself was in Confusion; at last recovering a little, he excus'd his intruding so early into a Walk where she chose to entertain her private Thoughts: yet durst I, *Fair One*, said the *Prince*, presume to ask what troubles that sweet Bosom, and forces you so early from your Bed, may *Edward* never know a Conquest more, if ought within his Power there

should remain, which might conduce to giving you Repose. *Alice* scarce rais'd her Eyes, but blushing begg'd his *Grace* would give her Leave to quit a Place, whē e it she should be seen, it might perhaps reflect an high Disgrace, both on her Fame and on his princely Honour, however innocent they both might be. *Edward* to this reply'd, None yet are stirring, I here have spent alone some Hour or two, nor have I heard the slightest Noise, to make me guess that any were awake. Fearful and trembling *Alice* to this replied, Why should your *Grace* desire to stay me here? Fear not, fair *Salisbury*, sighing said the *Prince*, that *Edward* should descend so low to offer even the slightest Force to her who is the Comfort of his Friends; much I owe to *Muntague's* great Worth; his Counsels taught me while yet too young to know the *Art* of *War*; by his Advice I order'd all my Steps, and from his Prowess learn'd the Means to conquer; yet something still methinks is due to my own Care; nor can the strictest Honour seal my Lips from telling *Lovely Salisbury*, that freeing *Roxborough* hath made me a Slave; unknown before the pleating Pains of Love, I thought that only Glory could be bright, but those sweet Eyes have taught me my Mistake; and Beauty reigns where Fame before rul'd all. I should be sorry, said the blushing *Countess*, if my poor Charms should have the Force to drive the Love of Honour from great *Edward's* Soul; if I had been your mighty Father's Ward, *Heiress* of *Kent*, unwedded unto *Muntague*, then might my Hopes without a Fault aspire to the engaging of your princely Love. The first great *Edward*, *England's* mighty King, alike to both ally'd, had left no Stain upon your noble *Grace*, if a *Plantaganet* had been your Bride; but by your Father's Will bestow'd on two right valiant Knights, I should most basely wrong my dead and living Souse, if I should hear of the Affection ev'n of *England's* *Heir*, when with my Fame it must destroy them too; forgive me, Sir, if I no longer stay, where staying were a Crime. So saying she withdrew. *Edward* remain'd, and wand'ring through the Grove, now full of Hope,
now

now sinking with Despair, felt all the Anguish of a love-sick Mind. At length the Lords that waited miss'd the *Prince*, and having search'd the Chambers, were come to seek him near the little Wood, in which he indulg'd the Transports of his Passion. *Edward* resum'd himself, and met them searching, chided their Love of Sleep, and call'd to horse; his faithful *Aylmer* rear him in the Chace continu'd still, and when the Time so serv'd, *Edward* withdrew into another Road than that in which his Courtiers sought their Prey; when once alone he told him the Adventure, dwelt on her Charms, and prais'd her matchless Virtue, swore 'twas a Sin to tempt so bright a *Saint*, and vow'd a silent Passion should consume him, e'er he again attempted on her Honour. *Sir William* knew full well to sooth this *Prince*, he join'd in Admiration of her Worth, yet seem'd to think the Language she had spoke express'd enough of Love; in fine, so much he wrought upon *Sweet Edward's* Temper, that he believ'd what he so strongly wish'd; and as they backwards came, resolv'd to try if he no Means could find again to gain a private Interview.

Before they reach'd the *Castle*, *Sir Hugh Clapton*, *King Edward's Pursuivant at Arms*, deliver'd to the *Prince* Letters which told the Death of the *French King*, that *John* his Son had seiz'd the *Gallick Throne*, and to it also added *Aquitain*, *Prince Edward's Dutchy* in his Mother's Right, which he had now bestow'd upon his Son the *Dauphin*. The Tenor therefore of the *King's Commands* was that *Prince Edward* should march back with Speed to lead his Troops against the proud *Mon-sieur*, and in Defence of *Aquitain*, bestow'd on him by *Edward* his great Father, exer that Courage which so late had been the Scourge of bleeding *France*. This brook'd of no Delay; *Prince Edward* march'd within a few Hours Time, and scarce had Leisure even in publick to bid the *Lady* of his Heart Farewell. The first few Moments that he gain'd of Privacy were spent in writing an Epistle to the *Countess*, with which he resolv'd to send his *Favourite Aylmer*, but on what Pre-

tence as yet he could not frame. An Accident fell out which removed his Trouble. The Scots on his Retreat began to arm, and on the News reaching *Prince Edward's* Camp, it gave fair Room for sending *Aylmer* to *Roxborough Castle* with Assurances of quick Relief; the *Prince* appointing *Lord Daures* of the *North* to command the Troops that were appointed to repress the *Scottish Forces* on a new Incurſion; with the Advice of the grave *Lords* about him did princely *Edward* pen a ſhort Epistle, to give the Wife of *Salisbury* fullest Hope of Succour, if again beſieg'd; but in the Evening, when *Aylmer* came to take it from his Hands, the *Prince* conjured him to watch ſome Occaſion of offering her the *Billet* he had wrote; Time would not allow of long Inſtructions, ſo all was left to his *Confident's* Management, who departed that Night as the *Moon* aroſe. The publick Diſpatch comes not within our Purpose; the Paper which expreſs'd his *Grace's* Paſſion ran in theſe Terms.

To beauteous *Alice*, *Salisbury's* fair Counteſs.

Brighteſt of Engliſh Dames,

LOVE, which knows no Difference in Rank, but wounds alike the *Peaſant* and the *Prince*, compels me as a Subject to your Charms, to throw the Coronet of *Wales* beneath your Feet. If Paſſion be a Crime, at leaſt it merits Pity, ſince we offend not from Deſire of Ill, but from a Force that ſways our yielding Reaſon, and makes us even againſt our Will obey. Yet let not *Salisbury* pity on theſe Terms, *Edward* had never Will to quit his Love, nor wants Excuse, but from thy radiant Charms. Permit him then to tell you of his Paſſion, and ſince your Virtue and his Honour bind from giving or from asking more Relief, ſooth his fond Heart by ſaying that you feel Compaſſion for his Woe. His Hand, too ready to obey his Heart, ſain would continue writing this ſoft Stile, but Fear of moving Anger in your Mind commands him to deſiſt. Adieu.

This

This once dispatch'd, he turn'd his Eyes on Glory, and hop'd by new Victories to gain the mighty Prize on which his Heart was set. Three Nights he travell'd without Rest more than was fit to give the Soldiers strength to bear the March; imbarcking then he reach'd the *Gallick Coast*, and soon recover'd *Aquitain* again; loading his conquering Army with the Spoils, he drew towards *Bordeaux*; there he gain'd advice *King John* of *France* had enter'd *Normandy*, and gained the greatest Part of that fair *Province*; *Edward* at this drew forth his little Army, and marched with haste to guard the *Frontiers* from that threatned Ravage, which *John* with forty thousand Men resolv'd to burn, and harrafs as if Rebels to their lawful *Prince*. His Army still increasing on he pressed, 'till at *Poitiers* he clos'd *Prince Edward* up, nor left him Room with Safety to retreat. The *Prince* had fortify'd his little Camp with all the Strength its natural *Seite* would bear, or Art could add thereto. It happen'd luckily the Place was full of Vines and Bushes, which so the *English* Soldiers twined together, that the *French Cavalry* could scarce pass through them, had there no Enemy been near to stop their Way. *Prince Edward's* Forces scarce were full six thousand, the *Gallick* Troops almost eight times that Number, and those the Flower of all that famous Realm. The *Prince's* Counsellors offer'd in his Name to restore to *John* the *Holds* which had been taken with all the Plunder seized since the last War. The *Cardinal* of *Perigrot*, in the *French* Camp strove to induce the *King* to accept of these Proposals, but *John* supposing he had the *English* Army in a Toil, insisted on Surrender at Discretion, of *Edward* and his Men. The *Prince* with Scorn refused, and the *French* Troops prepared them for the Battle.

Edward having made all the necessary Dispositions for procuring such Advantages of Ground as might in some Measure ballance the vast Disproportion of the Armies, address'd himself to his Soldiers in the following Terms: You

You see, *my valiant Brethren*, to what straits we are reduced, in which from the small Number of your Swords another *General* might fear the Event of the approaching Conflict; but as you are *Englishmen*, I should have hoped at least an equal Hazard from the Vigour of your Arms; but that Alacrity which you expressed in fortifying every strait Avenue, while yet our Treaty left you Room to hope Peace might preserve from this unequal Fight, that Cheerfulness I mark in every Face, and that Contempt I heard you all express, when the proud Terms of the *French King* were mention'd, leave me not Room to doubt of your Success; your swelling Multitude will quickly feel Confusion grow from their own Strength; your Bows and Lances will make them soon recoil on one another; and as the Glory of our noble Nation lies all this Day, my Soldiers, on your Valour, I will not do your Courage such Wrong, to think that Words can give them greater Edge than Hope of Victory and Love of Honour.

A joyful Shout from well collected Bands, spoke the bold Resolution they had taken of reaping Conquest or of meeting Death. Forth march'd the *Gallic* Army in three great Bodies, each more than double all that *Edward* had. Great *Orleans*, Brother to *King John*, led on the first, yet e'er he marched his Troops against the Foe, he thus bespoke his *Prince*. Why, *Sire*, would you risk such Effusion of the Blood of *France* as must be shed to-day, when a few Weeks would put into your Hands this daring *Prince* and all his poor Remains, whom Famine shall have left; consider, *Sire*, each Avenue shut up, there's no Provision now can reach their Camp; without a Blow they will be forc'd to yield, but should ye charge them fiercer from their Wants, than from the native Courage of their Country, think what a Multitude of your brave Subjects must fall upon the Swords of desperate Men. Had *King John* given Ear to this Advice, *Edward* in spite

spite of his great Soul had been over-come, and Captive in the room of *John*; but the *Gallick Monarch*, full of the Thirst of Conquest, cried aloud, what! shall we here distrust the Sword of *France*, and meanly starve an Enemy we dare not fight? If, Brother, you still dread the *English* Force, and tremble at the Thoughts of *Cressey's* Field, we'll find some other to lead on the Van. This gave a quick Decision to their Counsels, and *Orleans* with the bravest of their Horse strait charged on *Edward's* Front. The noble *Prince*, who saw that Valour only now could give Relief, on Foot in the First Band of *Archers* took his Post, who with their Arrows gall'd so much the Cavalry of *France*, that half the Riders were overthrown before they reach'd the *English* Lines. In this Confusion the *Prince* with seven hundred Men at Arms fell in with Sword in Hand, which so increased the Disorder, that falling back on one another, the whole first Body of *King John's* vast Army quitted the Field, and fled on every Side. At this their *Prince* led on the second Battalion of his Troops, and charged in Person with such Vigour, as made the *English Archers* first give way. but valiant *Audley*, with a chosen Band, with so much Resolution urg'd his Soldiers, while the *Black Prince* who had conquer'd all before him, now charged him in the Flank; and the vast Body of their *Infantry* who all this while looked on, struck with a sudden Pannick at the Sight of their defeated Horse, fled without Stroke, leaving their *King* surrounded by the *English*, to whom with his young Son *Philip* they fell the glorious Prize of this triumphant Day.

The Hurry of the Conquest over, wearied with Toil our *Hero* mighty *Edward* at Midnight sought his Tent, where the first Person he saw attending was his Favourite *Aymer*, who in the Morning when the Fight began, having by By-ways reached the Camp, had fought in *Lord Audley's* Squadron, and helped to bear the Body of that noble *Lord*
from

from among the numerous Foe, to breathe his last in his own Tent, and then came to congratulate his *Princely Master's Victory*. *Edward* no sooner espied him, but bidding those about him quit the Tent as if disposed to Rest, he only retained *Sir William* there; then as if his Sight or rather the Remembrance of fair *Alice* had bid the Weariness of such a Day retire, he called his Favourite to him, and ask'd how *Salisbury* had received his Letter. Your *Grace*, replied his Favourite, must hear a Tale of Length of my Adventures; which would but discompose you now, to-morrow, ---name not to-morrow, said the *Prince*, tell me to-night some Tidings of my Love, nor let me end in Sorrow this great Day, the brightest I ever saw. Since you will have it so, *My Lord*, said *Aylmer*, you shall be told. *Salisbury* at first was angry with my Message, refused the Letter, threat'ned to complain unto my *Lord of Salisbury* of such Usage, and said your *Grace* thought lightly of her Honour, who could intrust me with a Message of such a Sort. I bowed, and without speaking would have left her, but then she called me back, first took the Letter, then refused to open it; at last hearing some Company, she thrust it in her Bosom, and hastily went out. Late that Evening she sent *Cecily* her favourite Maid to bid me come into the Gallery which led to her Apartment. There she met me, and charged me to inform your *Grace*, that if the Purport of your Letter were the real Meaning of your noble Heart, she thought herself much honoured by your *Highness*, and as far as her Marriage Vows and Honour gave her leave, would hold a just Respect for your great Merit, and hoped *Prince Edward* would expect no more. At this she sighed, and with a down-cast Look, her Eyes methought spoke more than all the softest Words could have disclosed. *Edward* much pleased at this Relation, now suffered *Aylmer* to retire to Rest, and left the Story of his farther Fortune untill the coming Day.

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With all the Courtesy and Honour his highest Hopes could reach, was the *French King* treated while in the *English* Camp; and the Respect which *Edward* always paid him took off so much of his Imprisonment, that the *King* seem'd scarce grieved at his Misfortune. To *Bordeaux* next they marched, where all the Winter in a fair Palace served with Royal Honours *King John* consumed his Time, 'till in the Spring, the *Prince* and he together crossed to *England*, where such Provisions both by the *King* and People were provided, as spoke the Joy they felt in seeing *Edward* return with so much Triumph. When three Days were passed, and all that Weariness was supposed worn off, with which so great Travel might affect the *Gallick Prince*, a splendid Banquet at the *City's* Cost was made to entertain the *Princely Guests*, which with *King Edward* were to grace the Hall; *John King of France*, and *David King of Scots*, then Prisoners both, were present at the Feast, with many of the Nobles of their Courts; thither by solemn Invitation too, there came all those high *Lords* who from their noble Birth claim'd Right of *Peerage* in the *English Realm*, with their fair Consorts; 'midst this glittering Train, oft *Edward* turned his Eyes to seek bright *Salisbury*, but in vain; her Charms were wanting to compleat the Lustre of that glorious Blaze of Beauty which there appear'd. The *Prince* still melancholly at this Disappointment, sat musing on his amorous Cares, when by chance he heard some of the Assembly say that *Mountague* was suddenly deceased. This brought the Colour fresh in *Edward's* Cheek, this News attoned full well for *Salisbury's* Absence; Assurance now took Place of wavering Hopes, and he already doubted not of gaining this beauteous Fair, who had enthralled his Heart; *Countess of Salisbury* and of *Kent*, *Lady* of a rich *Dower*, and *Heiress* of the noblest *Earldom* within the *Realm*, the *Niece* too of the late deceased *King Edward*, the *Prince* foresaw his Father's Consent could not in Reason be denied,

where Interest so well backed the Cause of Love. And these sweet Reflections made his Thoughts so light, that his Behaviour charmed the gazing Croud, and raised (if that were possible) their Affections towards him.

Yet still some great Affairs of State made it improper to demand his Father *Edward's* Leave to own his Choice, besides it would have been indecent for *Alië* just a Widow, to have been named as ready for a Bride. To keep his Thoughts employed, he became the Patron of his Royal Prisoner, moved every Suit that *John* thought fit to ask, and sought to bring his Father to reasonable Composition. At length certain Terms were named to which his Father yielded, and *John* thro' the Desire of seeing once more his native Land gave his Consent; but his Son the *Dauphin* and the *Lords* of the *French Council* were of another Mind; they said it was *John* alone who had been the Occasion of that Effusion of the *Gallick* Blood, which at the Field of *Poitiers* had been shed. They blamed his headstrong Courses through the War, and seemed to think it hard that they should pay so great a Ransom for so mean a Prince. Yet *Edward* knew the Value of his Worth; remembred with what Valour he had fought, and was ashamed that his rebellious Subjects should treat with such Indignity a Prince, who both in Courage and Capacity deserved so well. At this time too, *Queen Joan* of *Scotland*, Sister to *King Edward*, sued to her Nephew to gain *King David's* Liberty, whose Confinement had already lasted eleven Years Space; The gentle Nature of this noble Prince always inclined him to succour the Distressed, so well therefore did he manage, as to bring this also to a Conclusion; and in a few Months *King David* returned back to *Scotland*, but the *French* remained intractable, nor would they hear of any Terms in Favour of their Captive King. Whereupon *Prince Edward* endeavoured to persuade the *English* Parliament to give such Aids as might enable the King his Father, to
pass

pass once more into *France* with such an Army, whose Presence should be capable of awing the Faction against *King John*, into more respectful Sentiments of him, and make them compliant with that Peace which he had stipulated for them here. Such was the Interest of the *Prince of Wales*, that he no sooner ask'd than it was granted, but as yet the Season of the Year permitted not such Preparations for the Army and its Passage as *Edward* had design'd; this time he took to revive again the Motion of his Love.

Aylmer, his constant Favourite, was again employ'd, and as the *Countess* hitherto refused to see Company, *Prince Edward* solicited by Letter, (I shall not add a Copy of it here since it may be seen as expressed in *Poesy* by *Michael Draton*, *Poet Laureat*, and one of the best Writers of his Time.) Certain it is, that the *Countess* was equally desirous of the Match, out of Respect rather to *Prince Edward's* Person than from any Consideration of his high Rank, yet there remained not a few Delays before the Consent of the Lovers could be ratified by the Ceremonies of the Church; for upon proposing the Match to the *King* he answered, that he owed too much both to the Valour and to the Duty of his Son, to give him any Disturbance in the Choice of his Wife, especially since it had turned upon a *Lady* whose Quality could bear no Exceptions, and who, if she had not been a Widow, he should of himself have proposed; but the Nearness of their Alliance in Blood rendered even the *King's Permission* ineffectual, 'till a Dispensation could be obtained from *Rome*; in order to which, Instructions were immediately sent to the *King's Minister* at that Court, where all Business being transacted very slowly, *Prince Edward* suffered not a little, through that Impatience with which he desired to take the fair *Alicia* to his Bed. Let us then turn our Eyes a little to certain Accidents which happened in the mean while.

The *Dauphin* and his Nobles, as soon as they were acquainted

acquainted by their *Agents* in *England* of the *Prince's* Intention to marry the *Countess* of *Salisbury*, and that a Dispensation for that Purpose was applied for at the Court of *Rome*, they immediately made use of their Interest with the *Favourites* of the *Pope*, and by considerable Presents bribed them to undertake that no Dispensation should be granted 'till a Peace were concluded between the two *Crowns*, on the Plan which the *Dauphin* had proposed. But these Intrigues could not be carried on with such Secrecy as to ally to escape the Knowledge of *King Edward's Agents*; who thereupon communicated them immediately to both the *King* and *Prince*, with their Opinion of the Success which the *French* might promise themselves, from the great Ascendancy the *Pope's Nephew* had over him.

In order to put an end to all these Difficulties, a noble Army was immediately provided to carry on with Vigour the Operations concerted for the next Campaign. At the Head of these the *King* passed over into *France*, and after having in vain endeavoured to bring the *French* to a Battle, ravaged the Country with an uncontrolled License on every side. After which he retired again into the *Provinces*, which continued firm in their Obedience. Yet now the Goodness of *Prince Edward's* Nature prompted his generous Heart to give the long confin'd *Monarch* of *France* again his Liberty, and the Dominion of his Realm; and having for that purpose written to his Father, that it would be the Interest of the *English Nation* to have *King John* restored to his Throne, a Treaty was entered into, and in a very short space concluded, by which that *Prince* was permitted after five Years Imprisonment here, to return back into *France*. And here, tho' it happen'd after the time which puts a Period to my Story, I cannot help observing how sensible this *Prince* was of that kind Treatment he had met with, both from the *King* and from the *English Nation* in general; for a short time afterwards he crossed the Seas voluntarily

tarily to come hither, and having been received with the utmost Civility by both the *Princely Edwards*, he chose to remain with them at *London* during the last Stages of his declining Health, and expired, much to their Regret, in the Palace which had been provided for him, while he thought fit to remain here. But to return to the natural order of our Narration. The Peace being concluded in the Spring to the Satisfaction of all the Parties concern'd, the two *Kings* parted at *Calais* with mutual Embraces, and the firmest Resolution to preserve that Harmony which they had just restored. And this Interview being over, the *King* returned with his Attendants to *London*, about the Beginning of the Summer. Some few Days after his Arrival he summoned a general Assembly of his Nobles, caused a solemn Thanksgiving to be returned for the Success of his victorious Arms, and for the happy Conclusion of the late Treaty. A stately Banquet was provided in the Evening; when the Ceremony was over, and as soon as the Company had supped, the *King* arising up, and covering himself, the rest of the Company stood up also, in order to hear what his *Highness* was going to say. The *King* having first placed his Sons *Edward* and *John* before him, one on his right Hand, the other on his left, express'd himself in the following Terms:

My Noble Lords,

SINCE by your unanimous Consent, as well as that undoubted Right we had to this *imperial Crown*, we first took upon our Selves the Government of the Realm, we have so ruled as at once to support the Dignity of our high Station, and also to procure whatever might be necessary either for the Safety or the Welfare of our People.

The Conquests of our Arms in *France* has been such and so great, that they will for ever render our
Reign

Reign and the *English Nation* famous; and by the late Peace we have concluded there, as we have secured the quiet Possession of those *Provinces* most useful unto this Realm, so we have quitted our Title in some Measure to other Things, rather than make even Victory burthensome to our Subjects? Thus after triumphing over our Enemies, and giving back unto two Nations their *Kings*, who had been led Captive by our Arms, what doth there remain for us to do to compleat our own and the publick Happiness, but that to present Blessings we join also the reasonable Expectations of having these Advantages preserved to our Posterity.

For this purpose it was that I called you here together, to be Witnesses of the intended Marriage of these my worthy Sons. *Edward*, whose Worth is too well known to you to need those Praises which it would not be decent for me to give, I design to join to *Alice*, Countess of *Kent*, the Daughter of our dear Uncle *Edmund*, cruelly murdered by the Traitor *Mortimer*. *John*, our younger Son, we dispose off in Marriage with the Daughter of *Henry*, late Duke of *Lancaster*; and as it becomes his Birth to wear some Title, we intend to bestow on him together with his Wife, the *Dutchy* of her noble Father, and we doubt not but our Purposes will meet with your Approbation.

The noble Company expressed the highest Satisfaction in his Majesty's Choice, and in a few Days after both *Prince Edward* and his Brother celebrated their Nuptials with all the Pomp becoming their Quality, and that of their illustrious Brides.

The Ceremonies necessarily attending their Marriage being once over, *Prince Edward*, happy in the Possession of all to which his Wishes reached, passed with his *Mistress* and a noble Train into the *Gallick Provinces*, the Government of which his Father had bestowed. There covered with Glory, sued to by Exile Princes, and ever attended by the Acclamations of their Subjects the happy pair remained. The
Princess

Princess Alice in about two Years time brought forth two beauteous Sons, of whom the younger *Richard* succeeded his Grandfather King *Edward* in the *Throne*; and thus, with the *Accomplishment* of our Hero's *Happiness*, our Labours naturally conclude.





EDWARD, *the* Black Prince,

TO

ALICE, *Countess of* Salisbury.

REceive these Papers from thy woful Lord
With far more Woes than they with Words
are stor'd,

Which if thine Eye for Rashness doth reprove,
They'll say they came from that Imperious *Love*;
In ev'ry Line well may'st thou understand,
Which Love hath sign'd and sealed with his Hand;
And where to farther Process he refers,
In Blots set down to thee for Characters,
This cannot blush altho' you do refuse it,
Nor will reply, however you shall use it;
All's one to this, tho' you should bid Despair,
This still intreats you, this still speaks you fair.

Haft thou a living Soul, a human Sense,
To like, dislike, prove, order, and dispense?
The Depth of Reason soundly to advise,
To love Things good, Things hurtful to despise?
The Touch of Judgment, which should all Things
prove;

Haft thou all this, yet not allow'st my Love?
Sound moves a Sound, Voice doth beget a Voice,
One Eccho makes another to rejoice;

One

One well tun'd String set truly to the like,
 Struck near at Hand, doth make another strike,
 How comes it then that our Affections jar?
 What Opposition doth beget this War?

I know that Nature frankly to thee gave
 That Measure of her Bounty that I have;
 And as to me, she likewise to thee lent
 For ev'ry Sense a several instrument;
 Put ev'ry one, because it is thine own,
 Doth prize itself unto itself alone;
 Thy dainty Hand, when it itself doth touch,
 That feeling tells it, that there is none such;
 When in thy Glass thine Eye itself doth see,
 That thinks there's none like to itself can be;
 And ev'ry one doth judge itself divine,
 Because that thou do'st challenge it for thine;
 And each itself, *Narcissus* like, doth smother,
 Loving itself, nor cares for any other:
 Fie, be not burnt thus in thine own Desire,
 'Tis needless Beauty should itself admire:
 " The sun, by which all Creatures lighten'd be,
 " And seeth all, itself yet cannot see;
 " And his own Brightness his own Foil is made,
 " And is to us the Cause of his own Shade.
 When first thy Beauty by mine Eye was prov'd,
 I saw not then so much to be lov'd;
 But when it came a perfect View to take,
 Each Look of one doth many Beauties make;
 In little Circlets there it doth arise,
 Then somewhat larger seeming in mine Eyes;
 And in this gyring Compass as it goes,
 So more and more the same in Greatness shews;
 And as it yet at Liberty is let,
 The Motions still do other Forms beget,
 Untill at length, look any Way I could,
 Nothing there was but Beauty to behold.

Art thou offended that thou art lov'd?
 Remove the Cause, th' Effects are soon remov'd:

Indent with Beauty how far to extend,
 Set down Desire a Limit where to end, (wound,
 Then charm thine Eyes, that they no more may
 And limit Love to keep within a Bound.
 If thou do this, nay then thou shalt do more,
 And bring to pass what never was before;
 Make Anguish sportive, Craving all Delight,
 Mirth solemn, sullen, and inclin'd to Night,
 Ambition lowly, Envy speaking well,
 Love his Relief for Niggardice to sell.

Our warlike Fathers did these Forts devise,
 As surest Holds against our Enemies,
 Places wherein your Sex might safely rest,
 " Fear soon is settled in a Woman's Breast:
 Thy Breast is of another Temper far,
 And than thy Castle fitter for the War;
 Thou do'st not safely in thy Castle rest,
 Thy Castle should be safer in thy Breast;
 That keeps out Foes, but doth our Friends inclose,
 But thy Breast keeps out both thy Friends and Foes;
 That may be batter'd, or be undermin'd,
 Or by strait Siege for Want of Succour pin'd:
 But thy Heart is invincible to all,
 And more obdurate than thy Castle Wall:
 Of all the Shapes that ever *Jove* did prove,
 Wherewith he us'd to entertain his Love,
 That likes me best, when in a golden Shower
 He rain'd himself on *Danae* in her Tower;
 Nor did I ever envy his Command
 In that he bears the Thunder in his Hand;
 But in that showery Shape I cannot be,
 And as he came to her, I come to thee.

Thy Tower with Foes is not begirt about,
 If thou within, they are besieg'd without;
 One Hair of thine more Vigour doth retain
 To bind thy Foe, than any Iron Chain:
 Who might be gyr'd in such a golden String,
 Would not be Captive, tho' he were a King?

Had'st thou all *India* heap'd up in thy Fort,
 And thou thyself besieged in that Sort,
 Get thou but out, where they can thee espy,
 They'll follow thee, and let the *Treasure* lie:
 I cannot think what Force thy Tower should win,
 If thou thyself do'st guard the same within:
 Thine Eye retains Artillery at Will,
 To kill whoever thou desir'st to kill;
 For that alone more deeply wounds Mens Hearts
 Than they can thee, tho' with a thousand Darts;
 For there intrenched little *Cupid* lies,
 And from those Turrets all the World defies;
 And when thou let'st down that transparent Lid,
 Of Entrance there an Army doth forbid.
 And as for Famine, thou need'st never fear,
 Who thinks of War when thou art present there?
 Thy only Sight puts Spirit into the Blood,
 And comforts Life without the Taste of Food;
 And as thy Soldiers keep their Watch and Ward,
 Thy Chastity thy inward Breast doth guard;
 Thy modest Pulse serves as an Alarm-bell,
 Which, watched by some wakeful Centinel,
 Is stirring still with ev'ry little Fear,
 Warning if any Enemy be near:
 Thy virtuous Thoughts, when all the others rest,
 Like careful Scouts, pass up and down thy Breast,
 And still they round about that Place do keep,
 Whilst all the blessed Garrison do sleep.

But yet I fear, if that the Truth were told,
 That thou hast rob'd, and flv'st into this Hold;
 I thought as much, and did'st this Fort devise,
 That thou in Safety here might'st tyrannize:
 Yes, thou hast rob'd the Heaven and Earth of all,
 And they against thy lawless Theft do call:
 Thine Eyes, with mine that wage continual Wars,
 Borrow their Brightness of the twinkling Stars;
 Thy Lips from mine that in thy Mask be pent,
 Have filch'd the Blushing from the Orient:

Thy

Thy Cheek, for which mine all this Pennance
proves, (Doves:

Steals the pure Whiteness both from Swans and
Thy Breath, for which mine still in Sighs consumes,
Hath rob'd all Flowers, all Odours and Perfumes:
O mighty Love! bring hither all thy Power,
And fetch this heavenly Thief out of her Tower ;
For if she may be suffer'd in this Sort,
Heav'n's Store will soon be hoarded in this Fort.

When I arriv'd before that State of Love,
And saw thee on that Battlement above,
I thought there was no other Heaven but there,
And thou an Angel did'st from thence appear ;
But when my Reason did remove mine Eye,
That thou wert subject to Mortality,
I then excus'd whate'er the Scot had done,
No Marvel tho' he would the Fort have won ;
Perceiving well those envious Walls did hide
More Wealth than was in all the World beside :
Against thy Foe I came to lend thee Aid,
And thus to thee myself I have betray'd :
He is besieg'd, the Siege that came to raise,
There's no Assault that not my Breast assays :
" Love grown extream doth find unlawful Shifts,
" The Gods take Shapes, and do allure with Gifts ;
" Commanding *Jove*, that by great *Styx* did swear,
" Forsworn in Love, with Lovers Oaths doth bear,
" Love causeless still, doth aggravate his Cause,
" It is his Law to violate all Laws:
" His Reason is in only wanting Reason,
" And were untrue, not deeply touch'd with
Treason:
" Unlawful Means doth make his lawful Gain,
" He speaks most true when he the most doth feign.
Pardon the Faults that have escap'd by me,
Against fair Virtue, Chastity, and thee :
" If Gods can their own Excellence excell,
" It is in pard'ning Mortals that rebell."

When

When all thy Trials are enroll'd by Fame,
 And all thy Sex made glorious by thy Name,
 Then I a Captive shall be brought hereby,
 T'adorn the Triumph of thy Chastity.

I sue not now thy Paramour to be,
 But as an Husband to be link'd to thee ;
 I am *England's* Heir, I think thou wilt confess,
 Wert thou a Prince, I hope I am no less :
 But that thy Birth doth make thy Stock divine,
 Else durst I boast my Blood as good as thine.
 Disdain me not, nor take my Love in Scorn,
 Whose Brow a Crown hereafter may adorn ;
 But what I am I call mine own no more,
 Take what thou wilt, and what thou wilt restore ;
 Only I crave whate'er I did intend,
 In faithful Love all happily may end :
 Farewell, sweet Lady ; so well may st thou fare,
 To equal Joy with Measure of my Care :
 Thy Virtue's more than mortal Tongue can tell :
 A thousand, thousand-times, Farewell, Farewell.



A L I C E, Countess of *Salisbury*,

T O

E D W A R D, *the* Black Prince.

AS one that fain would grant yet fain deny,
 'Twixt Hope and fear I doubtfully reply,
 A Woman's Weakness lest I should discover,
 Answering a Prince and writing to a Lover,
 And some say, Love with Reason doth dispense,
 And wrests our plain Words to another Sense,
 Think you not, then poor Women had not need
 Be well advis'd to write what Men should read:
 When being silent, but to move awry,
 Doth often bring us into Obloquy?
 " Whilst in our Hearts our secret Thoughts abide
 " Th' invenom'd Tongue of Slander yet is ty'd;
 " But if once spoke, delivered up to Fame,
 " In her Report that often is to blame.
 About to write but newly entring in,
 Methinks I end e'er I can well begin:
 When I should end, then something makes me stay,
 But then methinks I should have more to say.
 And some one thing remaineth in my Breast,
 For want of Words that cannot be express'd:
 What I would say, as said to thee, I feign,
 Then in thy Person I reply again;
 And in thy Cause urge all that may effect,
 Then what again mine Honour must respect.
 O Lord! what sundry Passions do I try,
 To see that right, which is so much awry;
 Being a Prince, I blame you not to prove
 The greater Reason to obtain your Love:

That

That Greatness which doth challenge no Denial;
 The only Jest that doth allow my Trial:
Edward so great, the greater were his Fall,
 And my Offence in this were capital.

" To Men is granted Priviledge to tempt,

" But in that Charter Women be exempt:

" Men win us not except we give Consent,

" Against our selves unless that we be bent:

" Who doth impute it as a Fault to you?

You prove not false except we be untrue.

" It is your Virtue being Men to try;

" And it is ours, by Virtue, to deny:

" Your Fault it self serves for the Fault's Excuse;

" And makes it our's though your's be the Abuse:

" Beauty a Beggar, fye, it is too bad,

" When in it self Sufficiency is had;

" Not made a Lure t' intice the wand'ring Eye,

" But an Attire t' adorn our Modesty:

" If Modesty and Women once do sever,

" We may bid farewell to our Fame for ever:

Let *John* and *Henry*, *Edward's* Instance be,

Matilda and fair *Rosamond* for me;

Alike both woo'd, alike shu'd to be won,

Th' one by the Father, th' other by the Son:

Henry obtaining, did our Weakness wound,

And lays the Fault on wanton *Rosamond*;

Matilda chaste, in Life and Death all one,

By her Denial lays the Fault on *John*;

" By these we prove Men accessory still,

" But Women only Principals of Ill.

" What Praise is our, but what our Virtues yet?

" If they be lent so much we be in Debt;

" Whilst our own Honours we our selves defend,

" All Force too weak, whatever Men pretend;

" If all the World else should suborn our Fame,

" 'Tis we our selves that overthrow the same:

" And howsoe'er although by Force you win,

" Yet on our Weakness still returns the Sin.

A virtuous Prince who doth not *Edward* call ?
 And shall I then be guilty of your Fall ?
 Now God forbid ; yet rather let me die,
 Than such a Sin upon my Soul should lie.
 Where is great *Edward* ? whither is he led
 At whose victorious Name whole Armies fled ?
 Is that brave Spirit that conquer'd so in *France*
 Thus overcome and vanquish'd with a Glance.
 Is that great Heart that did aspire so high,
 So soon transpierced with a Woman's Eye ?
 He that a King at *Foidiers* Battle took,
 Himself led Captive with a wanton Look ?

Twice as a Bride to Church I have been led,
 Twice have two Lords enjoy'd my Bridal Bed ;
 How can that Beau y yet be undestroy'd,
 That Years have wasted and two Men enjoy'd ;
 Or should be thought fit for a Prince's Store,
 Of which two Subjects were possess'd before.

Let *Spain*, let *France*, or *Scotland*, so prefer
 Their Infant *Queens* for *England's* Dowager,
 That Blood should be much more than half divine,
 That should be equal every Way with thine ;
 Yet, *Princely Edward*, tho' I thus reprove you,
 As mine own Life so dearly do I love you.
 My noble Husband which so loved you,
 That gentle Lord, that reverend *Mountague*,
 Ne'er Mother's Voice did please her Babe so well,
 As his did mine, of you to hear him tell :
 I have made short the Hours that Time made long,
 And chain'd mine Ears to his most pleasant Tongue ;
 My Lips have waited on your Praise's Worth,
 And snatch'd his Words e'er he could get them forth :
 When he had spoke, and something by the way
 Had broke off that he was about to say,
 I kept in mind where from his Tale he fell,
 Calling on him the Residue to tell.
 Oft' he would say, how sweet a Prince is he ?
 When I have prais'd him but for praising thee ;

And

And to proceed I would intreat and wor;
And yet to ease him help to praise thee too.

And must she now exclaim against the Wrong
Offer'd by him whom she hath lov'd so long?
Nay, I will tell, and I durst almost swear,
Edward will blush, when he his Fault shall hear.
Judge now, that Time doth Youth's Desire assuage,
And Reason mildly quench the Fire of Rage;
By upright Justice let my Cause be try'd,
And be thou Judge, if I not justly chide.

That not my Father's grave and reverend Years,
When on his Knee he beg'd me with his Tears,
By no Persuasions possibly could win,
To free himself from prompting me to sin;
The Woe for me my Mother did abide,
Whose Suit (but you) there's none could have de-
Your lustful Rage your Tyranny could stay, (ny'd
Mine Honour's Ruin further to delay,
Have I not lov'd you? let the Truth be shewn,

That still preserv'd your Honour with mine own:
Had your fond Will, your foul Desire, prevail'd,
When you by them my Chastity assail'd;
Though this no way could have excus'd my Fault,
" True Virtue never yeilded to Assault ;)
Besides, the Ill of you that had been said,
My Parents Sin had to your Charge been laid :
And I have gain'd my Liberty with Shame ;
To save my Life made Shipwreck of my Name.

Did *Roxborough* once veil her tow'ring Fanes
To thy brave Ensigns on the Northern Plains?
And to thy Trumpets sounding from thy Tent
Mine oft' again thee hearty Welcome sent,
And did receive thee as my Sovereign Liege,
Coming to aid me, thus me to beseige,
To raise a Foe that but for Treasure came,
To plant a Foe to take my honest Name;
Under Pretence to have remov'd the Scot, (got?
And would'it have won more than he could have

That

That did ingirt me, ready still to fly,
 But thou laid'st Batt'ry to my Chastity :
 O Modesty ! did'st thou me not restrain,
 How could I chide you in this angry Vein !

A Prince's Name (Heaven knows) I do not crave
 To have those Honours *Edward's Spouse* should have,
 Nor by Ambition's Lures will I be brought,
 In my chast Breast to harbour such a Thought,
 As to be worthy to be made a Bride,
 A Peice unfit for *Princely Edward's* Side ;
 Of all, the most unworthy of that Grace,
 To wait on her that should enjoy that Place.
 But if that Love *Prince Edward* doth require
 Equal his Virtues, and my chast Desire,
 It it be such as we may justly vaunt,
 A Prince may sue for, and a Lady grant ;
 If it be such as may suppress my Wrong,
 That from your vain unbridled Youth hath sprung,
 That Faith I send which I from you receive :
 The rest unto your Princely Thoughts I leave.



F I N I S.

